



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

MALISEET TALES¹

BY W. H. MECHLING

I. NOEL

ONCE there was a young man named Noel who lived with his widowed mother. Now, Noel was somewhat foolish. One day the family were without provisions; and Noel's mother sent him to town to sell the cow, so that they might buy food. The foolish boy sold the cow, but received merely a penny for it. While he was coming home, he met an old man on the road, who begged him to help him. Noel said that he would gladly help him if he had any money, but that he had only one penny. He said that he would divide this with the old man, if it were possible. The old man took the penny, broke it in two, and, giving one half to Noel, kept the other half himself. When Noel returned home, his mother was very angry with him.

In a short time the family were in great need of provisions; and the mother sent Noel once more to the town to sell another cow. She cautioned him to bring back more money this time; but Noel again sold the cow for a penny. On the way home he met the old man a second time, and divided his penny with him, as he had done before. When he arrived home, his mother was very much more angry than she had been the first time.

They were soon obliged to sell their last cow; and Noel started for the town, promising to do better this time. But again he sold the cow for a penny, which he divided with the old man a third time. However, when the old fellow had taken the half-penny, he said to the boy, —

“You have always been kind to me, and always ready to divide whatever you had, so now I am going to give you a present. Here is a little box, inside which you will find an old gray mare. She does not appear to be very valuable; but she is worth more than any horse in the world, for her fæces are gold coins. Be careful what you do with her, and treat her well.”

Saying this, he gave the box to the boy, who opened it and took out the mare. Noel did not see how such a small animal could be worth anything; but, much to his surprise, she began to grow, and was soon as large as an ordinary horse. It was now late, and Noel stopped

¹ These tales were collected in December, 1912, when the writer was engaged in research for the Canadian Geological Survey. They were all related by James Paul of Fredericton, N. B. They are published by the courtesy of the Canadian Geological Survey.

at an inn for the night. He led the mare into the stable, and put her into a stall between two handsome horses belonging to some gentlemen. Then he went into the inn, and, seeing the two gentlemen, he asked them when they were going to feed their horses. They answered him rudely, saying that it would be some time before they fed their mounts.

Noel watched the gentlemen while he was eating his supper; and when they started for the stable, he followed them. They became angry when they saw his poor old nag between their fine horses, and were about to put her out, when Noel stepped up and said, —

“Let that horse alone. She is worth more than a hundred like yours. I am paying as much for her feed as you are paying for yours, and I guess I can put her in whichever stall I please.”

Then he told them that she was his income, and that her droppings were gold coins. The gentlemen would not believe it; but, when the stable-boy came to clean out the stalls, Noel said to him, “Hold on! There is some gold there. Turn the straw over.” And, sure enough, there were some gold coins in the manure.

When the landlady was informed of this, she came out to the stable to see if it was true. Noel’s horse soon began to drop a lot of gold coins, and the landlady began at once to consider how she might get possession of the horse. When Noel went to bed, the landlady got another gray horse and put it in the place of Noel’s mare; and when the boy was leaving in the morning, he did not notice the exchange, but hitched up the substitute and drove away with him.

He arrived home, and there his mother scolded him soundly for his folly.

“Don’t mind, mother,” he replied. “Now we have a mare that will keep us rich for the rest of our lives. Just hold up your apron, and she will drop golden coins into it.”

The mother followed these directions; but, much to his surprise, the horse did not drop a single coin, but, on the contrary, he filled her apron with manure. Noel’s mother thought at first that her son was playing a joke on her, but he was so earnest that she decided to give him another chance. Noel said that the horse must be sick, and that they had better feed her, so that she would be all right on the morrow. They gave her a good feed of oats, and turned her into a field. The next morning, however, when they went to look for her, they found her swollen and dead. She had not been used to oats, and had died of the colic.

“Now, that’s too bad!” said Noel. “Just when we were fixed for the rest of our lives, the horse dies. Let us cut her up: there will surely be lots of gold inside her.”

Noel then cut the horse open, but he found no gold; and the stench was frightful. At this, his mother beat him, for she was very angry.

He had still some of the money left from the mare, and he started to town with this to buy provisions. On the way he met the old man once more, who asked him for some money. Noel readily divided his gold with him, and, in answer to his inquiry, told him that the horse had died.

"No," said the old man, "you are wrong. They have her over at the inn, where they changed horses while you were asleep. That was the reason why your mother did not get any gold in her apron. Now I shall give you three sticks that will dance, or do anything else which you may bid them. Go to the inn with them, and make them dance for the landlady. She will at once want to get them. When she offers you a bed for the night, don't accept it, but insist on sleeping on the floor, and leave the sticks protruding from your coat, so that she may easily steal them. Watch carefully all night, and, when she comes to steal the sticks, call out, 'Sticks, beat her!' In that way you can get your horse back."

Thanking the old man, Noel went to the inn, where he carried out the instructions to the letter. When the landlady came in to steal the sticks, he told them to beat her, and they did give her a sound thrashing.

"Fool, call off your sticks!" she cried out.

He replied, "Not unless you give me my horse back."

When she agreed to this, Noel bade the sticks stop. The next morning she returned the mare to him, and he examined the droppings carefully to make sure that he would not be imposed upon the second time. But he found golden coins, and drove back home satisfied.

"Now I have the right horse," said Noel when he reached home. "Hold your apron, mother."

"Oh, no!" said the mother. "You will not fool me again."

With no little difficulty he finally prevailed upon her to try once more; and this time her apron was filled with gold pieces. Then they started to make money-bags to hold their wealth; and this kept them quite busy, for the gold came very quickly.

Now when Noel went up to town, he always had plenty of money, and was ever liberal with the old man. One day the old man told Noel that he was going to make him another present, because he had been so good to him. He took a little wagon out of his pocket, and it increased in size until it was as large as an ordinary wagon. He said to Noel, "This wagon needs no horse. It will run for you without a horse faster than any other wagon would go with one, and it will not get tired. Nobody else will be able to make it go."

Noel jumped into the wagon, and drove home at a surprising speed.

Some time after this, Noel decided to get him a wife. On his way he met the old man, who asked him whither he was bound; and Noel replied that he was in search of a wife, and that he wanted a princess.

"A princess is a pretty hard thing to get," said the old man. "But," taking a ring from his pocket, he said, "here is something which will help you. You can get anything you wish for, except a wife, by taking it from your pocket, and wishing."

Noel took the ring, thanked him, and drove off in his wagon. He arrived at a large city, where he stopped for some time. He soon became known as the "fool," and could not gain access to the princess.

One day, as he was driving past the palace in his wagon, the princess looked out of her window, and, when she saw the wagon running along without horses, she was greatly amused, and she laughed at Noel. This angered the young man. He put his ring on his finger, and, pointing it at her, wished that she might become pregnant.

The consequent birth of a child puzzled the king and queen very much, for they knew that no man had ever had access to the princess' chamber. When the child was born, it had an apple in its hand, which it refused to give up to any one. The king reasoned that the child would surely give the apple to its father; and he proclaimed that whosoever could take the apple from the baby might marry the princess. Thus he hoped to learn the father's identity.

All the courtiers and nobles tried in vain to get the apple. One of the courtiers thought to have some amusement at Noel's expense; and one day, while the young man was passing the palace, the courtier said to him, "Why don't you try to get the apple away from the princess' baby, Noel?"

"That's so," said Noel. "I never thought of that. I'll try."

He entered the palace, and demanded to be allowed to make the attempt. The king was unwilling; but Noel reminded him of his proclamation, and the king yielded, feeling sure that Noel could not succeed.

As soon as Noel entered the other room, the baby held out the apple to him, and Noel took it. Then he demanded the princess to wife; but the king refused, saying that he should have another test. Then he proclaimed that the suitor for the princess' hand should have to borrow a ship from the navy, and go in search of gold. The princess would be given to the one who brought back the most of the precious metal. The king offered to supply the ships and sailors. The nobles, knights, and courtiers were furnished with the best of the ships; but, when Noel asked for a ship, all he got was a little leaky vessel and three sailors.

They set to sea, however, although one of the sailors was kept busy bailing; and in a few days the men were worn out with the work. Noel told them to go below and rest; and, when they were sleeping, he took his ring, and wished for a ship larger than any which had sailed from the port, and well manned.

When the three sailors awakened, they heard a band playing on the deck and a wagon running around over their heads. They knew that there could be no band on their leaky little craft, and, after assuring themselves that they were not dreaming, they decided that they must have been captured.

As they saw no guards, they went up on deck; and here they were very much surprised to see the size and equipment of the vessel, for it was the largest and best man-of-war that they had ever seen. They were still more surprised to see Noel riding around in his wagon, giving orders. When Noel saw them, he ordered them to go down and put on their uniforms, since he needed them on deck to give orders.

They sailed for many days, and they passed many of the king's ships returning from their treasure-hunt. Noel's ship was, of course, not recognized by the king's ships.

Finally they arrived at a port in a foreign land, and Noel went ashore. As he was walking along the beach, he came across an old man, who said to him, "Why, Noel! I'm glad to see you, for I am your godfather. How did you get here?"

Noel replied that he had come in a ship, seeking gold. The old man asked to see the ship, and Noel took him aboard and showed him around.

"Noel, I am surprised that you have no better ship than that," said the godfather when he had seen the craft. "I guess I'll give you a better one before you go."

Noel staid with his godfather for a few days. The old man gave him a much better ship, with silver masts and golden spars. In addition, her hold was filled with gold. Then he set sail for home.

In the mean time all the other ships had returned home, and the king inquired of each one if he had seen Noel's ship. They all replied that they had not seen it; and the king concluded that Noel had been drowned. He gave his daughter to the nobleman who had brought back the largest quantity of gold.

On the wedding-day a strange ship, flying a strange flag, dropped anchor in the harbor. It was the finest ship that had ever entered the port; and the king thought that it must surely belong to a foreign prince who had learned of his proclamation, and was trying for his daughter's hand. He was amazed to see Noel ride down in his wagon as soon as the gang-plank was put ashore.

Noel went up to the king, and said, "I want to marry your daughter. I know that I have more gold than any one else. Go and count it."

When the king went aboard and saw how much gold there was in the ship, he knew that there was no use in counting it, for it was evident that Noel had more than all the others. Still he did not want to let Noel marry his daughter.

"If you let that fool marry your daughter," said the nobles, "all the neighboring kings will make war upon you."

Then the king put Noel in prison, and determined to have him taken into a field and shot with a cannon. On the day set for the execution, Noel took out his ring and wished for a sword and uniform far better than that of the king. And when the soldiers came to lead him to execution, they were surprised to see the fine-looking young prince, for Noel had heretofore worn his old peasant garb on all occasions. Before they recovered from their surprise, Noel leaped upon them, and killed them all. Then he started out, and killed every sentry that he met.

"Forgive me, prince," said the king when he saw him. "I did not know that you were a royal personage, or I should not have treated you as I did."

"No," said Noel, "I shall not forgive you. You must fight!"

The king then drew his sword, and the two began to fence. Noel easily killed the king, and then he married the princess, and ruled the kingdom in the dead king's place.

2. MTEZA

A long time ago there lived an old man who had a son named Mteza. The young man spent most of his time in hunting, and this furnished the principal means of support for the family. But one day he left the old folks, and went away to take service under the king. He soon got himself into trouble, however; and the king, taking a dislike to him, exiled him, and threatened to execute him if he ever set foot on his land again.

Mteza departed, and was gone for some time, when he returned bringing a piece of sod with him.

"Did I not tell you that I would have you put to death if you ever set foot on my land again?" demanded the king when he saw the youth.

"King," said Mteza, stepping on the sod, "I am not on your land, but on that of another king."

"Mteza, I do not desire to see your face again," said the king, giving him what he demanded.

"Very well," answered Mteza. "You will not see my face again."

He went away, but had not been gone long before he returned with a new request to make of the king. As he entered the door of the palace, he turned his back towards the interior; and the king came out and said, "Did I not tell you that I did not want to see your face again?" Mteza replied, "That's not my face. That's my rump."

At this the king granted his request, and he departed once more. Then the king went to Mteza's father, and told the old man that he could do nothing with his son.

"I could not do anything with him myself," said the father.

"Well," said the king, "he will grow up to do a lot of harm, and some day he'll be killed. You had better send him to sea."

"I'll let him go with the pirates," said the old man.

When Mteza joined the pirates, they asked him if he knew where they might make a successful raid. He suggested the king's castle, for he was familiar with it. The freebooters liked the idea, and adopted it. When the party arrived at the castle, they lowered Mteza down the chimney, and he thus entered the building. Somewhat later he returned with considerable booty, which he tied to the rope. The pirates hauled this up, and then, instead of lowering the rope again for Mteza to escape, they went away and left him to his fate.

The young man thought that his last hour had surely come. He wandered about, seeking a way out, when he found a cow's hide which still had the legs and head on it. Into this he crawled, and, clad in this disguise, he began to run around, making a great uproar. Some of the maid-servants heard the noise, and informed the king that there were robbers in the kitchen. The king buckled on his sword, went down stairs, and demanded who was there.

"Your father," answered Mteza. "And if you don't let me out, I'll take you and your castle to Hell."

"All right, father, I'll let you out," said the king. And, calling to his guards, he ordered them to let his father out.

After this escape, Mteza went back to the pirates' ship, where the robbers were dividing the spoil.

"What we did was not right," said one of the robbers. "I am sure that things will go wrong. We shall be haunted."

As soon as Mteza heard these words, he began to jab his horns¹ about the ship. The robber who had first spoken now said that it was starting already. Then Mteza broke the cabin-windows with his horns, and peered inside. When the pirates saw him, they thought he was the Devil, and they all ran away from the ship. He then gathered up all the booty in a bag, and returned home with it.

Mteza's mother began to cry when she saw the plunder; and the next day the father took it all back to the king. His Majesty, however, would not take it, but directed the old man to give it back to Mteza, saying that he was learning his trade very quickly.

"To-morrow," said the king, "there will be a man ploughing in my field. If Mteza can steal the horses, I shall give him a fine reward; if he fails to make the theft, I shall have him beheaded."

When the old man returned home with this intelligence, Mteza asked him to go to the king and ask for two weeks' time in which to make preparations. This request was readily granted. The mother

¹ He was still in the cow's hide.

was very much afraid that her son would be killed; but he re-assured her, telling her that there was no need of crying. On the following day, Mteza went to see a witch, whom he consulted about the king's command. The witch gave him a golden rabbit, and told him to turn the animal loose near the spot where the man was ploughing. The plan was, that the man would be tempted to chase the rabbit, and so would leave his horses unguarded.

Mteza waited for a few days, and then made his way into the woods which adjoined the field in question. There he set the rabbit free. When the ploughman saw the animal, he commenced to chase it. The rabbit ran into the forest with the king's servant in hot pursuit.

Meanwhile Mteza had stolen the horses; and soon the rabbit outdistanced the servant, and returned to the young man. When the ploughman got back, the horses had disappeared, and he returned to the king, who inquired of him in what fashion he had lost the horses. The servant, however, did not tell the truth about the matter.

On the next day, Mteza's father took the horses back to the king. The latter would not accept them, however, and sent them back to the young fellow together with the promised reward.

Then the king proposed a further test of Mteza's skill. He ordered him to steal a horse and rider who would be guarded in a stable. The penalty for failure was death, as in the preceding case.

Again Mteza sought the assistance of the witch. She gave him a bottle of liquor, and directed him to go to a pig-pen near the stable where the horse and man were confined, and to lie in the pen and pretend that he was drunk.

Several days afterward, Mteza went to the pig-pen, and, making a great uproar, simulated intoxication. The guards of the stable came out, and when they found the liquor, they drank it. This liquor was a special concoction of the witch, and the effect of it was to put them all in a stupor. While they were in this condition, Mteza went into the stable, and, making sure that the horseman was well tied on the horse, led the two out of the stable and so home.

When Mteza's father went to the king to return the stolen ones, his Majesty gave them to the boy.

A third test was arranged. This time, Mteza was ordered to steal a sheet off the king's bed, and if he failed, he was to be beheaded.

Mteza did not go to the witch, but made an image of himself, in which he put a bladder filled with a red liquid to resemble blood. He took the effigy one night, and went to the wall which surrounded the king's palace. There he made a great noise, and raised the image above the top of the wall. The king awoke, seized his rifle and fired at the figure. The bullet broke the bladder, and the red fluid poured out.

The king was then sorry, thinking that he had killed some one. He decided to bury the body secretly, so that no one should discover what he had done. So he dressed himself and went out to the wall, where he buried the image.

Meanwhile Mteza stole into the palace, up into the king's room, where he discovered the queen in bed. He imitated the king's voice, and got into bed with her. She did not discover who it was, for the room was in darkness. Mteza said to her that he thought they had better wrap the body in a sheet before they buried him, and, taking the sheet, he departed. When the king returned, he was very much surprised at what had happened. He determined to make Mteza perform another feat, and promised him half his kingdom and his daughter's hand, in the event of success.

The feat was, that Mteza should get into the daughter's room and sleep with her. Mteza consented, but stipulated that he be given two weeks' time in which to do this. The king had his daughter's room carefully guarded by many soldiers.

Mteza collected all the gold which the king had given him, and took it to a goldsmith, whom he directed to make a golden calf in which he could hide himself and sing. When it was finished, Mteza got inside, and had the goldsmith take it to the fair. He ordered the man to sell it to no one but the king.

It happened that the princess passed by with her father, and took a fancy to the calf. She persuaded her father to buy it for her, and they had it brought home and placed in her room.

At night, while the princess was asleep, Mteza stole out of the calf, and got into her bed. The king came into the room on the following morning, and when he saw Mteza in bed with the princess, he grew so angry at the guards that he determined to behead them all. Mteza, however, told him the manner of his entrance, and the king let the guards go.

In fulfilment of the promise, Mteza was married to the princess, and ruled over half of the kingdom.

The nobles of the kingdom were very jealous of Mteza, and they began to plot some way of getting rid of him. On the borders of the kingdom there lived a giant and his mother. The giant had a wonderful violin. The nobles reported to the king that Mteza was bragging that he could easily steal this violin, if he cared to: so the king ordered him to do so.

The young man went away, and readily got the fiddle, but no sooner did he take it in his hands than it began to play, awaking the giant, who ran out and caught the thief.

The monster was going to kill Mteza at once; but he said to him, "Giant, why are you going to kill me now? Don't you know that

you ought to fatten me up, so that you will be able to have a good meal?"

The giant's mother at once said that this was true, and so they decided to fatten him. The giant asked him how he should know when he was fat enough, and Mteza answered that his face would become greasy at the proper time. Some time later the giant felt of Mteza's face, and discovered that it was greasy. He was about to kill him then; but Mteza cried out that he should notify his friends before he did so. The giant departed on this errand, and left his mother to get the oven ready.

While she was working, Mteza offered to help her, if she would untie his hands. At first she refused; but when she thought how small he was, she untied him. She stooped to put some wood on the fire, and Mteza struck her with an axe and killed her. Then, throwing her into the oven, he took the violin and went away.

The giant returned with his friends, and when they smelled the roasting flesh, they thought that the mother was roasting Mteza.

When Mteza returned to the king's palace, it was early in the morning. He took the violin and commenced to play on it. When the king and the nobles heard the music, they could not help dancing, and all came down stairs in their night-dresses. Nor did Mteza stop playing, in spite of the king's order to, until he was promised that he should have no more feats to perform.

This state of affairs lasted for some time, until the courtiers informed the king that Mteza was boasting that he could capture the giant himself, if he so desired. Accordingly the king summoned him into his presence, and commanded him to take the giant prisoner. Mteza reminded the king of his promise, but without avail, and, seeing that he was obdurate, he asked for a strong coach with a spring lock on the door. He was provided with this vehicle, and drove away on it.

He rode straight to the giant's home, and there he called to the monster that his brother was dying, and that he had come to take him to the sick man. The giant did not recognize Mteza, and jumped quickly into the coach. He slammed the door, and it was immediately locked, so that the giant could not get out.

Then Mteza drove back to the castle, where every one was surprised to see him coming back alive. He pretended that he was going to open the door and let the giant out; but all the courtiers begged him not to do so. He made them swear that they would not demand any further exhibitions of skill from him, and then drove the coach down to the seashore.

He unhitched the horses on the beach, and rolled the coach into the ocean. From that time on, everything went smoothly.

3. STRONG JOHN

Once there lived a boy named John who was so wayward that his parents could do nothing with him. They decided to turn him over to his godfather; but his behavior was no better under the new conditions. One day he came home, and, not finding his godfather about, began to break the dishes. He broke a hundred and fifty pieces of china with his right hand, and a hundred with his left. His godfather returned, and, when he saw what his godson had done, turned him out.

At first John did not know what to do; but he finally decided to seek service under the king. He determined to pretend that he was a great warrior: so he wrote on a piece of paper that he had killed a hundred and fifty people with his right hand, and a hundred with his left. He pinned this piece of paper on his back, and then set out for the king's palace.

When he arrived there, he lay down and feigned sleep. One of the guards happened to pass by, and, reading the notice on his back, reported the circumstance to the king, who ordered John brought into his presence. The guard returned, but, being afraid to approach and awaken the sleeper, he took a long pole and nudged him with it. John awoke with a curse, and demanded why he had been awakened, for he was having a fine time dreaming of battle. The guard said that the king wanted to see him.

"If the king wants to see me," John replied, "he can come to me."

The guard carried this message back to the king. Now, the king had among his subjects a giant whom he feared, and was anxious to be rid of. Thinking that in John he had found an instrument for his purpose, he condescended to go and see him, and he promised the young man a large sum of money if he entered his service. Since John desired nothing better than to serve the king, he readily accepted.

The king noticed soon that the giant was afraid of John; and it was not long before John became so overbearing, that his Majesty decided that it was high time to do away with him. Now, there was a lion which lived in a wood on the edge of the king's realm, and caused great havoc among the king's subjects: so the king thought he would send John to kill it, feeling very sure that the lion would kill him instead.

So John went to this wood and built a big house, inside of which he built two rooms, one with an attic above it. A ladder led up to this attic from the front room. Between the two rooms was a door, moving up and down in two grooves, which could be operated from the attic. Soon after this, the lion chased John into the house. He ran up into the attic, and pulled the ladder up after him. The lion, seeing the door to the other room open, entered; and John dropped the door

down behind him, thus caging him. Then he went and told the king that he had caught the lion.

The king set out at once with his soldiers to see it; and when he got there, John, pretending not to fear the animal, suggested that it be turned loose. The king, however, begged him not to do so, and asked him how much gold he wanted for the service he had done.

"You are not through with me so soon, are you?" asked John.

The king replied that he was not, and John said that as yet he did not desire any reward.

The king next sent John to kill another large and terrible monster which was ravaging his domains. This animal was of enormous size, had an exceedingly long neck, and a horn upon its forehead. John told the king that he wanted a gimlet, a nail, and a hammer, and with these the king supplied him. Then he started off for the woods.

It was not long after he reached the forest that he found the monster feeding upon the tops of trees. As soon as it spied John, it started to chase him. He dodged quickly behind a tree; but the animal was not able to stop and turn quickly enough, and ran its head into the tree, thrusting its horn right through the trunk. Then John took his gimlet, bored a hole in the horn, and hammered the nail through it, so that the monster could not withdraw its horn from the tree. Then he returned to notify the king.

The king was disappointed at the result of this last adventure, for he had hoped that the monster would kill John. Now he decided to send him on another quest. This time he was ordered to bring to the king the tongues of four giants — a mother and her three sons — who lived on the borders of the king's dominions. John asked for three jugs of very strong liquor to take on the journey; and this the king supplied.

When John arrived at the place where the giants lived, the three men were away in the woods, while the old woman was cooking dinner. John left one of the jugs of liquor near the giant's well, expecting the old woman soon to come down to the well for water. When she did come down, she picked up the jug, smelled it, and drank the contents. She returned to the house, and John left a second jug at the well. Not long afterward she came back for more water, and again she picked up the liquor, and, having smelled of it, drank it. After she went back to the house, John deposited the third jug. When the old woman again appeared, she was staggering, but, seeing the third jug, drank of that also. After a few minutes, John went up to the house, where he found her lying, unconscious, on the floor. He took an axe which was standing near by, broke in her skull, and cut out her tongue to take back to the king. After that, he threw her into a large cauldron of soup, which was cooking on the fire. John

went outside and selected three small stones, and, re-entering the house, hid himself behind the chimney.

Soon the three giants appeared, and, looking into the cauldron, saw their mother. That, however, did not deter them from eating the soup; and, when they had finished this meal, they all three lay down on the floor and went to sleep. When John heard them snoring, he took one of his stones and threw it at the largest of the giants, hitting him on the head. The giant awoke, and, thinking his smaller brother had struck him, became very angry. He told his brother that if he ever struck him again, he would kill him. His brother protested his innocence, but all in vain. Again they lay down and went to sleep, and again John threw a stone at the big giant. This time the giant did not waste any time threatening, but, picking up the axe, killed his brother without more ado. He then threatened the remaining brother, and went to sleep again. Then John threw the third stone at him. This time the giant jumped right up, and, thinking it was the other brother who did it this time, killed him also.

On the following morning, when the giant went out to chop wood, John followed him, and soon began to call, saying that he was lost. When the giant heard this, he answered his call; and John went where the giant was chopping wood. When the giant finished reading the notice which John had on his back, he invited the young fellow to live with him, saying that they would make a good pair in battle. He furthermore told John that he would have no work to do, other than to cook the meals. The giant told him how he had killed his two brothers, and ordered them to be cooked for supper.

John went back to the camp. First he cut out the tongues of the dead giants to take back to the king, and then he cooked the bodies. While they were cooking, he made a bag, which he put under his coat so that its mouth was right at his throat. His purpose in doing this was to provide a receptacle for the soup, in order that he might avoid eating the flesh of the giants.

When the giant came home in the evening, John and the giant seated themselves on opposite sides of the cauldron, and, taking their dishes, helped themselves to the stew. As the stew was very hot, the giant stopped to blow upon it before he ate it. John, however, poured it down into the bag; and he taunted the giant because he was not eating quickly, saying that men do not stop to cool their food. The giant did not want to let John outdo him, because he was so very much larger than John: so he poured the hot stew down his throat, and burned himself badly. John kept on eating until he had filled the bag, while the giant made vain efforts to keep up with him. When they had finished, John was swelled out to an enormous size, and the giant was suffering greatly from the burns.

John soon began to complain of pains, and said that he had eaten too much. He told the giant that he would show him how they cured themselves in his country. With that, he took a knife and thrust it into his belly, knowing that it would only puncture the bag. Of course, the soup ran out, and he was again his natural size. When he remarked to the giant how much better he felt, the latter asked if he himself could not relieve his pain in some way. John assured him that he could, but told him to strike hard, or it would do him no good. The giant took the knife and drove it up to the hilt into his chest, and he soon died. Then John cut out his tongue, and took it with the other three tongues back to the ruler.

The king was now more than ever convinced that he must get rid of John: so he told him to go to the ruler of a near-by kingdom, and collect a bushel and a half of gold which was owed him. He gave John a letter to take to the other king, in which, instead of saying that he wanted the debt paid, he asked the king to put John to death.

John went and delivered the letter to the king. He had heard reports of John, however, and was afraid to try to put him to death. He protested that he did not owe John's king anything; but John declared, that, as he had been sent to get a bushel and a half of gold, he was determined to get it. The king finally paid him, only too glad to be rid of such a man.

When John returned with the bushel and a half of gold, the king was greatly surprised, and decided to give up trying to kill the young fellow. He asked John what he wanted in payment for his past services, and he replied that he desired to marry the king's daughter. Since the ruler was afraid to refuse him, they were married in due season; but the king would give John neither favors nor mercy.

One day, while John was walking through the wood, he met a little man who said to him, "Well, John, you are having hard luck!"

"Yes," answered John. "The king does not treat me very well."

"Then," said the man, "I'll give you a little present, which will make up for the king's unkindness."

He took off his jacket and gave it to John, saying there was a little box in one of the pockets, and that inside this box was a little man. He told him that this man would obtain for him anything he needed. John thanked him profusely, and went back home.

A short time later he was walking with his wife on the edge of a lake not far from the king's palace. His wife told him how much she wanted a nice home.

"Yes," said John, "that would be fine; and here is an excellent location for a house."

The two sat down together on the grass. Soon his wife fell asleep; and John took out the box and opened it. Inside there was a little

man dancing, who immediately stopped, and asked John what he wished for. The latter told him that he wanted a palace better than the king's, to be built here; and he wanted it full of servants, one of whom should be the giant who served the king.

When his wife awoke, some time afterwards, she could not believe her eyes when she saw the house, the luxurious furniture, and the attendants: indeed, it was some time before her husband could convince her that she was not still dreaming.

The next morning the king awoke, and found that the sun was not shining into his windows as it usually did. He went to his window, and was amazed to see the palace standing there by the lake. He sent a servant over to tell the owner that he would fire upon him, unless his presence was explained. When John was informed of this, he sent back word that the king might fire away, because he, too, had guns, and if he should fire one round, there would not be even a cat alive in the king's castle. His wife, however, fearing trouble, went over to the palace, and explained everything to her father.

John's good fortune was now complete, and he could obtain anything he wanted. One day the giant, who was now serving him instead of the king, noticed that he took something out of his pocket and talked to it. He had before this remarked that John always wore the same vest, and decided that John carried something in the pocket of that vest which gave him his good fortune. He determined to secure this thing.

John, however, was aware that he had to watch this giant, and, suspecting that he would make an attempt on his life, he made an image of himself and put it in his bed: he himself slept under the bed. The same night, as John had anticipated, the giant stole in, and, mistaking the image for John, stabbed it several times. Since it did not move, and was quite stiff when he felt it, he thought that he had killed the young man, and he departed.

The next day John said to his wife, when the giant was within hearing distance, "My! but the mosquitoes were bad last night. They kept biting me all over the breast."

When the giant heard this, he thought that John had a great deal more power than he had imagined; but he did not give up hope, and determined to make another attempt.

Early one morning the giant rushed in and said, "Master, there are many ducks on the lake this morning."

Now, he knew that John was a great sportsman, and never missed an opportunity to get a shot at game. John picked up his gun and ran down to the lake, forgetting, in his hurry, to put on his vest. The giant returned quickly to the palace, put on the vest, drew the box from the pocket, and opened it, when, much to his surprise, he

saw the little man dancing. This little man stopped dancing, and asked him what he wished for. "I want this house and all the inmates transported to a lonely island in the sea," said the giant.

"All right!" the little man answered, and started dancing again.

Meanwhile John was trying to get a shot at the ducks, but he could not; and all of a sudden they disappeared, for they were only phantoms. When John looked around, lo, and behold! the palace, too, had vanished. Then he knew that the giant must have succeeded in getting hold of his talisman.

John felt terribly sad about it, and was in disgrace with the king. But one day not long after, while walking through the woods, he again met the old man who had given him the box. The old man said to him, "Well, John, you have lost your box?"

"Yes," answered John.

"Well," said the old man, "you ought to have known that those ducks were only phantoms that the giant put there to get you to leave your vest. Now there is but little I can do for you; but I will give you power to change yourself into a fox. You will have to call a large bird, and try to persuade him to take you over to the island where the giant is. When you get there, let him see you. He will give chase to you, for game is so scarce there that he will be glad to hunt anything, even a fox. When he chases you, lead him through the woods, and then double on your tracks and return to the house. Get your vest and the little man; for the giant will not wear the vest, because he thinks that there is nobody on the island."

John did as he was directed, and everything happened as the old man had foretold. John easily secured his vest and the box. When he opened the box, the little man stopped dancing, and said, "What do you want, master?"

"I want this house and everything in it transported back to its original place," John replied, "and I want the giant chained inside."

When John got back to his old home, he hitched horses to the giant's limbs and had him torn to pieces. Thereafter all went peacefully and happily.

4. CANE¹

Once there was a woman who suckled her son Huza for twenty-four years, and on the arrival of the twenty-fifth year, Huza went out and tested his strength. He attempted to pull up an elm-tree by the roots. He did not succeed in pulling it up, but he moved it somewhat. From this he knew that he had not yet gotten all his strength: so he returned to his mother and told her that she would have to suckle him fourteen years longer. At the end of that time he again tried to pull up the elm-tree, and this time he was successful.

¹ See notes on "John the Bear," in vol. xxv of this *Journal*, p. 257.

He returned home and said to his father, "I am now going away, and I want you to give me my patrimony. I want you to have made for me a cane large enough to hold fifty head of salted cattle."

His father ordered a cane made for him according to these specifications, and a few days later he told Huza to go and get it.

The son, however, said to his father, "No, I want you to bring it to me."

So his father went after it, and he had to take four yoke of oxen to haul it home. When he brought it back, Huza examined it and said, "Oh, what a pity! It's a little too light."

At this the father salted ten cattle, and put them into the cane, in order that it should be a little heavier.

It now suited the boy, and he started away. When his mother inquired of him whither he was bound, he replied that he was going to the South to kill the giants who were holding the princesses prisoners.

The boy continued his journey, and, coming to a farmer's house, asked the farmer if he did not want a hired man. The farmer said that he needed a man who was good at thrashing grain. He promised to pay him good wages if his work was satisfactory, and hired him. So the next morning, after breakfast, he gave Huza a flail and set him to work thrashing. When Huza took the flail, he struck one blow with it, and broke it all to pieces, whereat he pulled up a couple of elm-trees by the roots, whittled them into shape, and tied the tops of the trees together. When he began to thrash with them, he broke the barn down. The farmer came out soon after, and was surprised to see the barn demolished.

"Now you have ruined me!" said he. "That will be enough of your thrashing. I'll pay you off and send you away. How much do you want?"

The strong man answered that he wanted twenty-five head of cattle, and the farmer gave them to him. These were salted, and put away in the cane.

As he proceeded on his way, he killed a cow, and, picking it up by the tail, threw the carcass over his shoulder. Some time later he noticed that his cane was leaking, and when he came to a blacksmith shop, he stopped to get it mended. He heard the blacksmith pounding away inside, and, taking his cow off his back, he threw it on top of the blacksmith shop, and it broke the roof in.

The blacksmith rushed out, crying, "You have ruined me!"

"Oh, no!" said the strong man. "I only threw my calf on top of the shed. Never mind. I'll help you fix it."

They repaired the blacksmith's roof; and then Huza asked the smith to mend his cane. The blacksmith took it and worked on it until he got it fixed, and the strong man gave him the calf as payment.

After this incident, he proceeded on his journey and met a man who wanted to indenture him for ten years. The strong man agreed to this, but made the stipulation that the first man who got angry should be hit with the cane.

The next morning the master sent the strong man out with an axe to clear some land, and told him to leave the good trees standing, but to take all the rest away. After two or three blows, Huza smashed the axe to pieces. So then he began to pull the trees up by the roots; and he carried the good ones down to the house, and in a short time he had the house covered with a mass of trees.

His master ran out, shouting, "Now you have ruined me!"

"Are you angry?" asked Huza.

The master said he was not, for he feared a blow from the cane. He sent him to pile all the trees in a field, and Huza did it. The master now feared his helper, and began to plot some means of killing him. In a near-by lake there lived a white horse, which came out from time to time and devoured the passers-by. The master thought to send Huza down to plough a neighboring field, hoping that the horse would come out and devour him. Huza went down and began ploughing. Now, one of his horses was very lazy, but the other one was full of energy. After a time, the white horse came out of the water and charged upon his horses. Huza jumped out, and caught it before it could do any damage.

"Oh!" said he, "this will make a good mate for my energetic horse." And he killed the lazy horse, and hitched up the one from the lake beside his energetic animal.

That noon, Huza drove back to the house; and the master, seeing them coming, recognized the lake horse. Every one ran into the house to get out of danger; but when Huza got to the house, he called to his employer, saying, "Come out! Now I have a good mate for your best horse."

The master called out and said, "Take that horse away before it kills us all."

"Are you mad?" Huza asked.

"No," said the other; "but if you take that horse back to the lake, I'll give you a hat full of gold."

"No," said Huza, "don't be afraid. This horse is quite tame now, and you can handle it quite easily. Come out and put it away! It won't hurt you."

So the master came out, because he feared Huza more than he did the horse; but, much to his surprise, he found the horse quite tractable.

Although he was now at his wits' ends, he still thought it was necessary to make away with Huza. He next thought he would drown him: so he sent him to clear out a deep well. While Huza was

down in the well, his master, with the help of some of his servants, rolled a millstone into the well. The stone fell down on Huza; but his head went right through the hole in the centre, so that the stone rested on his shoulders like a collar.

Huza came out of the hole, raging, and killed all the hens, saying, "The hens scratch all the dirt back into the well as fast as I take it out."

He still had the millstone around his neck, and his master was afraid to say anything to him. He went back into the well, but did not take the stone off his neck. That evening, when he had finished his work, he went into the house, and took the millstone from his neck and hung it up on a big nail by the chimney; but it was so heavy that it pulled the fireplace down.

The master said, "Now you have ruined me!"

Huza inquired, "Are you angry?"

"No," said the master.

"I only hung up my grindstone," said Huza.

The master began again to consider how he could make away with him. He finally thought of a scheme. He showed Huza a field that had been sown with grain, and told him that he wanted to sow the same grain there that had been sown there before, but he did not know what kind that was, only his grandfather knew. And accordingly he sent him to Hell to see the grandparent.

"Well," said Huza, "I'll go. But how can I know your grandfather when I get there?"

"You'll be able to recognize him, because he will have a cross on his forehead," replied the master.

So Huza took his cane and started.

After he had gone, his master said, "I guess he'll not come back this time. They will surely keep him down there."

When Huza reached Hell, he looked around to try to recognize his master's grandfather, but was unsuccessful, because all there had crosses on their foreheads.

"The best thing I can do," he thought, "is to drive them all up to my master, and let him pick out his grandfather."

So he drove the whole gang out of Hell, and took them up to his master's house.

"Now," said Huza, "come and pick out your grandfather. They all looked alike, and I couldn't tell your grandfather."

His master looked out, saw a whole drove of devils, and screamed, "Take them back! I've found out what sort of grain was sown there."

Huza went out and told them to go back to Hell any way they wished, for he was done with them. Then Huza asked his master what he wanted him to do next.

"I have no more work for you," said his master, and, giving him some money, he sent him away.

As Huza was going along on his journey, he overtook two men. He asked them where they were going. They answered that they were on their way to liberate two princesses who were in the power of some giants.

Huza said, "That's just where I'm going: so we'll all go together."

He asked them their names. The first replied, "Iron-Mouth;" and the second, "Flood." Then they asked him his name, and he replied, "Cane."

A little later they were going up a hill, and the two men were lagging behind; but Huza was going along easily with his cane. He said to them, "You would get along much easier if you had a cane. Now, Iron-Mouth, you take my cane, and see how much easier you can walk."

Iron-Mouth took the cane; but it was so heavy that he dropped it on his toe and crushed it, and they had to rest a few days until Iron-Mouth got better.

"Flood and I will go hunting while you are cooking a meal, Iron-Mouth," said Cane; and the two departed.

While they were away, an old woman came to the camp, and asked Iron-Mouth for something to eat, claiming that she was starving.

"The food will soon be cooked," replied Iron-Mouth, "and then I'll give you something to eat."

But while Iron-Mouth was not looking, the old woman hit him from behind and knocked him over. Seizing the pot, she ran away; and when Iron-Mouth got up, the old woman had disappeared. A little later, Flood and Cane returned, bringing a duck; and they inquired of Iron-Mouth why he did not have the supper ready. Iron-Mouth told them of his adventure, saying that the old woman ran away with the food while he was gone to fetch water.

As Iron-Mouth's foot had become better by the next day, Flood said, "I'll cook to-day, and we'll see if the old woman can take the pot away from me."

So Iron-Mouth and Cane went off to hunt, and left Flood to cook. On the way, Iron-Mouth said to Cane, "Flood will fare just as I did."

Just as on the day before, while the food was being cooked, the old woman came again, and claimed to be freezing and starving. So Flood told her to come close to the fire and wait until the food was cooked, and he would give her something to eat. She approached, and, while Flood was not looking, knocked him over and ran away with the food. By the time he got up, she had disappeared. When Cane and Iron-Mouth returned, they found that the food was gone, as on the previous day. Flood claimed that the old woman had made

off with their supper while he was away; but the bruise and swelling on his face betrayed the real state of affairs.

On the next day, Cane decided to send both his companions out hunting, and to stay in camp himself to see if he could not get to the bottom of this affair. He suspected that these stories were merely blinds to enable the others to keep all the food for themselves. So Flood and Iron-Mouth went away, expecting that the old woman would treat Cane as she had treated them. While Cane was cooking, the old woman came, and told the same story as before; but Cane threatened to kill her if she came near the camp. She persisted, however, and finally he threw his cane on her and killed her.

When Flood and Iron-Mouth returned and found the supper intact, they were very much surprised, and inquired of Cane if the old woman had not been visiting. By way of answer, he pointed to her corpse.

They ate the meal, and then started on their journey again; but Cane wished to find the two stolen pots before leaving. They had gone a little distance when they met three giants, who inquired their destination. Iron-Mouth replied that they were, in the first place, searching for two pots which they had lost, and that, when they had found these, they would try to liberate certain princesses.

"Before you do that, you will have to fight," said the giants.

There being three giants, they all began to fight, each one fighting with a giant. Cane took the largest. This enormous giant could shout loud enough to kill them all; but the moment he opened his mouth, Cane thrust his cane into it, and smothered the yell. Then he killed him.

He now watched his two friends fighting. Iron-Mouth was faring badly in his fight, and Cane said to him, "Why don't you bite him, and chew him up?"

That one acted on his advice, and soon succeeded in chewing the giant severely.

Cane next looked to see how Flood was progressing, and discovered that his adversary was getting the better of him.

"Why don't you have a flood come and drown him?" advised Cane. And the other did so, and drowned the giant.

After this affray, they proceeded on their journey, with the result that they soon encountered the mother of these three giants, whose strength was equal to the combined strength of her three sons.

"Ah! You are after your pots, and you are after the princesses," said she. "Well, you will have to fight first."

"You go and fight her," said Cane to Iron-Mouth.

So Iron-Mouth attacked the old woman, but she was more than a match for him. He tried to chew her, but he was unsuccessful. Then Cane told Flood to help him, and he vainly attempted to drown

the old woman by bringing a flood. When Cane saw that the two were unable to overcome her, he rushed to their assistance and crushed her completely with one blow of his cane.

As she died, she said, "You have killed my sons and you have killed me; but there is one ahead of you whom you cannot kill."

They discovered a large cave where the giants had lived, and there they found two princesses. This led to a quarrel over which two of themselves should marry the damsels. The princesses told them that there were three other princesses imprisoned farther on, whom they had better rescue.

"Their beauty surpasses anything that you have yet seen," said they.

They thought the matter over; and when they decided to go on, the princesses showed them the deep entrance to the under-world, where the other princesses were kept. The three companions consulted among themselves to decide who should enter the under-world; and as Cane was the strongest of the party, they persuaded him to make the attempt. They fastened a great basket to a rope. Cane got into it, and they let him down the well, promising to wait until he gave the signal to be pulled up.

When Cane reached the bottom, he found himself in another world. The first thing he saw was a city, which he entered, and was surprised to note that the whole city was in mourning. A blacksmith shop stood near by, and Cane went in. At once the blacksmith seemed to recognize him, and said, "How are you, cousin?"

Cane wondered how this man could be his cousin. The smith at once invited him to dine with him, addressing him as Huza; and while they were eating, Cane asked the blacksmith why the town was in mourning.

The smith at first refused to tell him, but finally was persuaded to. He pointed to the castle, and said, "In that castle lives a monster with seven heads. To-morrow he is going to dine on our governor's daughter. This monster has also three princesses in his possession."

"That is the very one I am after," said Cane. "He has stolen two pots from me."

"Cousin, don't do it," said the blacksmith. "He will surely kill you and eat you."

Cane was determined, however. He told the other that he wanted a sword so strong that you could tie a knot in it without its breaking. The blacksmith finally succeeded in making such a sword for him.

He left his cane with his cousin, and went up to the monster's castle. As he approached, the three princesses came out and begged him to go back, saying that he would surely be killed, and could not help them. But Cane would not be persuaded. So the princesses gave him the following advice.

"Before he fights, he will ask you how you desire to combat, and you tell him that you want to fight on horseback and with swords. He will give you a choice of horses. Take a thin, bad-looking horse; and when he shows you the swords, choose an old rusty one, though all the rest will be better-looking. If you succeed in cutting off six of his heads, you will find the seventh more difficult, because it grows back again very quickly if you do not keep it away from him. Get your horse to kick it out of the way."

While he was talking, one of the princesses saw the monster coming, and warned Cane. The girls hid the young fellow in the house, but the monster soon smelled him.

He said to the princesses, "I smell some bugs in here."

"How can that be?" asked a princess.

Then Cane stepped out, and said, "I'm the bug."

"I'll have you for dinner to-morrow," said the monster, "instead of the governor's daughter."

"You will have to fight first," said Cane.

The monster inquired what weapon he wished to use. Cane chose a broadsword combat on horseback: so he took Cane into the armory, and let him choose his sword. Cane looked over the swords, but said that he could not find one to suit him. Seeing a rusty sword standing by the fireplace, he examined it, and told the monster that this one suited him. The monster went into another room, and returned with some very fine swords. He told Cane to choose from them, asking him why he wanted an old rusty sword.

Cane refused them, saying, "No, this is plenty good enough for me."

Then he took Cane to the stables, and told him to take his pick of the horses. There were many fine horses there; but Cane chose the old gray thin one, as he had been directed. The monster was disappointed in the choice, because Cane had taken his own horse and sword.

They went forth and began to fight. Without much delay, Cane knocked six heads off the monster. The seventh one, however, gave him more difficulty; for each time he cut it off, it jumped back on again and stuck in the same place. Cane was becoming rapidly exhausted by his efforts, when one of the princesses rushed out, and told him to catch the head on the point of his sword when next he cut it off. He tried this scheme, and succeeded in catching the head, and then threw it back of his horse's hind-legs. His horse kicked the head far behind him. In his last words the monster blamed the princesses for his death.

The three princesses ran up to Cane, and each addressed him as her husband.

He said, "I can't marry you all; but I have two brothers in the

upper-world. I'll marry one of you, and the others will marry my brothers."

The following mid-day, the people of the town brought the governor's daughter up to the monster. One of the princesses rushed out, and told them that a strange young prince had killed the monster. At this the people removed at once the mourning-draperies from the houses, and, out of gratitude towards Huza, gave the town to him. He, however, felt obliged to refuse it. Each of the princesses gave him her handkerchief and locket with her name on it. They knew his name was Huza.

After some time they started for the upper-world. When they reached the place where the hole led to the upper-world, Cane pulled the rope to give his companions the signal that he was there. First he put the oldest one of the princesses into the basket and gave them the signal to pull her up. When they got her up, Flood and Iron-Mouth began to fight as to who should marry her.

The princess said to them, "Don't fight. I have a sister down there who is better-looking than I am."

So they stopped fighting, and lowered the basket again. This time, Cane put in the next oldest girl. They pulled her up; and when they got her up, Iron-Mouth and Flood began to fight over her.

The sisters said, "Don't fight. We have another sister down below who is more beautiful than we are."

They lowered the basket a second time, and hoisted up the third princess. When she got out of the basket, they thought she was far more beautiful than the other two: so they fell to fighting for her.

The youngest one said, "There is no use of your fighting, for I would not have either one of you, unless Huza decides that it shall be so. He killed the monster."

"We killed the three giants and their mother," said Iron-Mouth.

Then the two began to consider together how they might kill Cane. They decided to draw him halfway up the well and then let him drop back.

Huza had to wait a long time before the basket was again lowered, and this made him suspicious. So he thought he would put into the basket a small number of rocks equal to his weight, to see what would happen to it. Cane gave them the signal. They hoisted the rocks up halfway, and then let go of the rope.

"Oh!" said he to himself. "That's no more than I expected."

The youngest princess fainted when she thought the basket containing Huza had been dropped. Iron-Mouth and Flood said that they could not help it; that the rope had slipped.

"When we get to your castle, you must tell your father that we are the ones who killed the giants and the monster," said they.

When they got back to the castle, the girls were afraid of Flood and Iron-Mouth, and so they said that these were the two men who had killed the giants and the monster. Between them, they arranged that Iron-Mouth should marry the youngest; and Flood, the second princess. But every time they proposed to get married, the youngest princess delayed it. She had not yet given up hope that Huza was alive.

Meanwhile Cane was in the under-world. After the basket had dropped, he returned to his cousin, the blacksmith, and told him what had happened.

"Don't take it so hard," said that one. "Here you own this town, and you can marry whomever you choose."

"No," said Cane. "I don't want to."

"Well, then," said his cousin, "I will give you my ring. When you have it, you can get anything you choose. You had better wish for a fox; for you will probably be better able to get out, if you can procure one."

"I'm going to leave you now," said Huza, "and I will give you my cane. There are fifty salted steers inside, and you will have meat enough to last for a long time."

He parted with his cousin, and returned to the hole to the upper-world, where he wished for a fox. The Fox came, and asked him what he wanted. Cane said that he wanted to go to the upper-world.

"I don't think I am strong enough to do it," said the Fox, "but I will tell you whom to get. That is the big Eagle. He is strong, and will be able to take you up."

So Cane called the big Eagle; and when he came, he asked Huza what he wanted. He said that he wanted to get into the upper-world. The Eagle said that he would be able to take him up if he had a steer to eat.

Cane got the steer, and then he got on the Eagle and he started up. They had not gone far when the Eagle said to Cane, "You had better give me something to eat. I am getting pretty weak."

Cane then gave him a quarter of the steer. Twice more the bird was fed. The third time he fed the Eagle, they could just see the light.

The Eagle said to him, "I am afraid we can't make it. You feed me again."

He fed him the last quarter, and the Eagle was just able to reach the edge of the hole. Cane had to pull himself out first, and then to assist the Eagle.

Once out, he looked around, but could not see any trace of his friends. He waited there for some time trying to decide what to do. Then he thought of his ring, and he wished to wake up in the town where the princesses and his friends were. He wanted to wake up as a ragged old man. Immediately he fell asleep; and when he woke up, he was

an old man lying beside a ditch. He rose and walked some distance, when he met a man working. The man spoke to him, asking him if he wanted to work.

"Yes," said Cane; and the man told him his duties would be to make fires, and bring out manure to spread on the fields. Cane started at once to work. That evening they went back to his employer's house in the town.

When the wife of his employer saw Cane, she said, "Why do you want to bring this dirty old man here?"

But the husband replied that he was a poor old man, and would do no harm.

One day while Cane was spreading manure by the side of the road, he saw the three princesses driving along. When they came opposite him, they stopped the horse; and the youngest recognized him, and called out, "Huza!"

He would not answer, and they drove on. After some time, Cane heard that there was going to be a wedding at the palace. The king wanted to have made a golden medallion with his wife's image upon it. It was to be exactly like those the princesses had given Cane before leaving the under-world. The king sent around to the goldsmiths to see if anybody could make a replica of the ones lost. Now, it happened that Cane's employer was a goldsmith; and the king applied to him, sending the queen's medal. He said that he could not make the others. Cane saw the whole thing; and after the messengers left, he told his master to go and tell them that he had changed his mind, and could make it.

"I'm a gold-worker," said Cane, "and will guarantee to do the job for you."

He directed his master to get him a half-bushel of gold and a half-bushel of silver. The king sent him the gold and silver, and left the medal as a pattern.

"You had better go get some liquor," said Cane to his master, "because you will have to work very hard blowing the bellows."

That night they went to work, and soon smelted half of the gold and silver. By this time his master was fairly drunk; and Cane said to him, "You go to sleep, and I'll finish the work."

When his master had gone to sleep, he took the medallion of the youngest princess, polished it, and compared it with the medallion of the queen. Then Cane lay down and went to sleep.

When his master awoke, he went into the shop and saw Cane sleeping and the two medals on the table. He was unable to tell which was the new one and which was the old. Then he showed the medal to his wife, saying, "Did I not tell you to treat this man well; that he was more than he seemed?"

They awakened Cane, who stretched himself, and said that he was pretty tired after his labors. He told them on no account to tell the king's servants who had made the medal, and to charge a half-bushel of gold for the making.

"If they come back and ask you if you can make another one like it, tell them that you can," said he.

The servants of the king returned, and asked if the medal was finished. He said that it was. Then they asked the price, and he answered that it was a half-bushel of gold. They paid it and took the medals to the king. He was unable to tell the two apart; but when the youngest princess saw them, she said, "I think that's my medal, and Huza must be around."

Then the king inquired of his officers the price paid; and when they told him, he sent his officers back to have two more medals made like the first. So they returned to the goldsmith and gave the king's order.

Cane again got his master drunk, and brightened the other medals. The officers came the following day and took the medals back to the king, who again was unable to tell them apart, except for the initials on the backs. Cane's master offered him the bushel and a half of gold which the king had sent as payment, but Cane refused to take it. His master was very grateful to Cane for this, and never required him to do any more work after that.

Finally the wedding-day, when Flood and Iron-Mouth were to marry the princesses, arrived. The king said that the goldsmith who made the medals must be invited to this wedding; so he sent his coach for the smith. The goldsmith refused to go, saying that he had not made the medals, but that his hired man had made them. The officers asked to see him, so the goldsmith took them into the house and showed them the old man lying by the fireplace. When they saw how dirty he was, they were disgusted; but, since they had orders to bring the man who had made the medals, they handled him very roughly, threw him into the coach, and drove off full speed.

On the road, Huza took his ring out and said, "Let this coach be full of lice, and let me be back in my old place."

As they approached the king's castle, the coachman drove slowly; and when the coach arrived, the officers opened the door. The lice rushed out and crawled all over every one. They told the king that they had started with the old man.

"You must have handled him roughly, or else this would not have happened," said the king.

He sent two other officers after Huza; and when they arrived, they put the old man into the coach again and started off with him. Again he wished to be back in the house, and that the coach should be filled with dung.

When the door was opened, the king was standing near, and got fouled with the rest. At once the king became very angry, and said, "You must have treated this man very badly, or else this would not have happened."

Again he sent two officers with explicit directions to treat Huza well. He threatened to behead them if they did not bring the man back.

When they came, the old man requested them to wait a while, so that he might shave, and make himself presentable. He went into a room, and, taking out his ring, wished for a uniform better than the king's own. When he came out all dressed up, his master and mistress fell down on their knees, and said, "Forgive us, king!"

"Gladly do I forgive you; but I am not a king," said he.

And when the officers saw him, they, too, bowed down. He got into the coach, and they drove off slowly to the castle. The king was waiting to receive them; and when they opened the door, the king was so surprised that he almost fainted. They took Huza in, and every one bowed to him. While he was talking with the king, the youngest princess suspected that it was Huza, and told her mother, the queen, about it.

Huza now took out the princess' handkerchief and put it back in his pocket so that she could see the monogram on it. A little later she recognized it as her own, quietly pulled it out of his pocket (when he was not looking), and showed it to her mother. But her mother said, "Don't you think there may be other princesses who have the same name as you?"

Cane then pulled out the second handkerchief and left it exposed to view. The second princess was near him, and, seeing the bit of linen, recognized it. When he was not looking, she stole it and took it to her younger sister. Her younger sister said, "Don't go and tell mother, for she will not believe you."

Cane now pulled the handkerchief of the oldest princess out of his pocket so that the monogram could be seen. Not much later the oldest girl passed by, recognized it, and quietly pulled it out of his pocket. She then told her sisters, and they went to their mother and told her.

The queen was angry with them, and told them that they had insulted the king. She went to her husband, however, and, telling him about it, asked him what he thought ought to be done about it. The king was also angry, and said that there might be three other princesses with the same names as his daughters. But the girls were so sure of it, that he began to think there might be something in their point of view. He decided to question Huza, and, going to him, he asked him if he had any daughters.

"No," said Cane, "I'm not married."

The king then asked him from what kingdom he came. Cane told him everything, from the time of his leaving home; and the king thanked him from the bottom of his heart. He wanted to give him his kingdom, saying that he had promised it to the savior of his daughters. Cane refused, however, and returned to the main hall, where the wedding was to take place. He found the youngest princess sitting on Flood's knee, and the second oldest on Iron-Mouth's knee. Going up to Flood, he said, "Flood, do you know me?"

"No," said Flood, "I do not."

Then he turned to Iron-Mouth, and, asking the same question, received the same reply.

"I am Cane," said he.

But they would not believe him until he recalled incidents of his travels to them. During the recital, Iron-Mouth fell back. The youngest princess rushed to Huza, and, throwing her arms around his neck, she said, "Huza, I knew you were alive."

Iron-Mouth and Flood begged forgiveness of Huza on bended knees. Huza refused, and told them he was going to hook a pair of horses to their arms and another pair of horses to their feet, and drive them in opposite directions. At this he had them thrown into prison.

But after a while Cane took pity on his old companions, and ordered them brought to him, when he addressed them as follows: "You tried to kill me, but now I am going to take pity on you. I'm going to set you free for old times' sake. I am going to marry the youngest princess myself, and you can marry the other two."

So they were all married together, and Huza made Flood and Iron-Mouth high officials of the kingdom.

5. LOUIS AND THE GRAY HORSE

There was once an old man that had a son named Louis who used to go hunting to support his parents, for they were very poor. One day while he was hunting, a gentleman came to visit his parents. This gentleman offered the old man a beaver hat full of gold for his son, and promised to take good care of the boy, whose only duties should be to tend the gentleman's horses.

"In about twenty years you will get your son back," said he.

The old man communicated the offer of the gentleman to his wife. She, however, was not anxious to accept it. Then the old man, goaded by the thoughts of their poverty, tried to persuade her, and he finally accepted the offer against his wife's inclinations. The gentleman waited for Louis to arrive, and then he took him away.

When he arrived at his home, he showed the boy over his house, and gave him permission to eat and drink whatever he cared to. He also showed him two pots, — one full of gold and the other full

of silver, — which he told Louis not to touch. Later he took him to the stable where he kept the horses, and showed him a black horse in the farthest stall, telling him to be very particular about caring for that horse. Among other things, he gave him orders to wash him three times, and to take him to water three times every day. Then he pointed out to him a gray horse, and ordered him to beat him three times a day, to give him very little to eat, and to water him only once in twenty-four hours. Further, he told him never to take the bridle off that gray horse. After this, he told Louis that he was going on a journey, and would not return for a few weeks.

Louis carried out the gentleman's instructions, and, when two weeks had passed, the gentleman returned. The first thing he did was to go into the stable and examine his horses. He was well pleased with the looks of his black horse, and was also pleased to note that the gray one was looking very poorly. While they were returning to the house together, the gentleman began to play with Louis, who noted that he had a knife in his hand, and was not surprised when his finger was soon cut by it. The gentleman, however, apologized, and, taking a bottle out of his pocket, rubbed a little of the liquid on Louis' finger. Louis was greatly surprised to find that his finger was at once entirely healed.

Later in the day, he told Louis that he was going away again (for a week, this time), and told him to be careful to treat the horses as he had done before. When he had gone, Louis' curiosity got the better of him. He took the cover off the pots, and dipped his finger into the golden liquid. When he pulled it out, lo, and behold! his finger was changed to gold. At once he saw that his master would know what he had done, and, to hide his finger, he wrapped it up in a piece of rag. In addition, Louis' pity overcame him, and he did not beat the gray horse.

At the end of the week, the gentleman returned and asked Louis how the horses were. He was well satisfied after his inspection of the stable. Again he began to play with Louis, his knife in his hand. While he was playing with him, he noticed that Louis' finger was wrapped up, and he inquired of Louis what was the matter with his finger. Louis replied that he had cut it. The gentleman pulled the rag off, and, seeing that Louis' finger had turned to gold, he knew that Louis had been meddling with the pots. He became very angry, and grasped Louis' finger, twisted it, pulled it off, and threw it back into the pot, warning Louis not to touch the pots again. He played with him as before, and again cut him on the hand. A second time he applied the liquid, and again the boy's hand was healed immediately.

He again told Louis that he was going away, and would be gone for three weeks, and ordered him to beat the gray horse on this occasion five times each day.

That day Louis watered the horses, and, noticing that the gray horse could hardly drink any water with the bit in his mouth, he took pity on him, removed the bridle, and gave the horse a good drink. When the horse lifted his head from the brook and looked at Louis, he had a man's face on him; and he spoke to Louis as follows: "You have saved me. If you do as I tell you, we both shall be saved. The master is not a man, but the Devil. He came to my parents as he did to yours, and bought me with a beaver hat full of money. Every time he comes and cuts you, he is trying you to see if you are fat enough to be killed. When he returns this time, he will again try you, and, if he finds that you are not fat enough, he will turn you into a horse. If you are fat enough, he will kill you. If you do as I tell you, Louis, we both shall be saved. Now feed me as well as you can for two weeks; put my bridle on the black horse, and beat him five times a day. In short, give him the treatment which was destined for me."

Louis did as the Gray Horse requested, and the animal began to recover his lost weight. The black horse lost weight rapidly. After the two weeks were up, the gray horse was in good condition; the black horse was very poorly.

"Now," said the Gray Horse, "the Devil suspects that things have not gone properly, and he is returning. Now we must prepare speedily to leave. Since his black horse is very swift, you must go and cut his legs off: cut the left fore-leg off below the knee; cut the right fore-leg off way above the knee; cut the right hind-leg off below the knee; and the left hind-leg, away above the knee. He will not then be able to travel so fast, for his legs will be short and of different lengths."

When Louis had completed his task, [the Gray Horse told him to go to the house and get the pots of silver and gold; and, on Louis' return with them, the Horse told Louis to dip his tail in the silver pot, and to dip his mane and ears in the gold one.

"And you dip your hair into the gold pot," said the Horse, "and stick your little fingers into the metal. Take the saddle and put it on me, but, before we start, go into the house and get three grains of black corn which he has upon his shelf, and take his flint, steel, and punk. Take, also, an awl, that round pebble which comes from the seashore, and then take that wisp of hay which is pointed."

Louis did as the Horse bade him, and then mounted on his back and rode away.

The Devil returned two days after they had started, and, when he saw that the gray horse had gone and the black horse was mutilated, he knew what had taken place. This enraged him very much, and he at once began to think how he could outwit the fugitives. Finally he set out in pursuit.

After Louis and the Gray Horse had been gone several days, the

Gray Horse spoke to the boy, and said, "The Devil and the black horse are pretty close. You did not cut his legs short enough. Give me one of those grains of black corn, and I'll go a little faster."

Louis gave him one of the grains of black corn, and the Gray Horse travelled much faster. After a few days had passed, the Horse again said, "Louis, he is getting very close. You will have to give me another grain."

So Louis gave him a second grain, and the Gray Horse increased his speed. Three days later, the Gray Horse said to Louis, "Give me the last grain. He is getting very close."

After three more days, the Gray Horse again spoke, and said, "Louis, he is very close. Throw the awl behind you."

Louis did as he was told, and the Horse said, "Now, that awl has made a great field of thorn-bushes grow, many miles in extent."

When the Devil rode up, he was going so fast that he rode right in among the thorns, and got his horse out only after a great deal of trouble. By the time he had extricated his horse and had ridden around the field, Louis had gained a great distance over him.

"Louis, he is getting very close," said the Horse some days later. "Throw back the flint."

Louis obeyed him, with the result that, when the Devil came up, he was confronted by a high wall of bare rock, which extended for miles. He was forced to go around this, and, when he once more took up the trail, Louis had gained many more miles on him. After a couple of days, the Gray Horse said, "Louis, we have only two things left, and I am afraid that we are going to have a hard time."

"I think," said Louis, "we had better throw the punk behind." With that he threw the punk behind him. When it struck the ground, it immediately burst into flame, starting a forest fire which extended many miles.

When the Devil arrived, he was going too fast to avoid riding into the fire, and this caused him great trouble. He had to go many miles out of his way to avoid the fire, and this delay enabled the fugitives to make a material gain in distance. In two or three days the Devil had regained the distance that he had lost.

The Gray Horse now said to Louis, "I am afraid that he is going to overtake us before we can reach the sea. He is gaining rapidly upon us, and is now very close. You had better throw the pebble behind you; it is the only chance left us."

Louis threw the pebble behind them; and the result was that a great lake appeared, which extended over many square miles. The Devil rode up to the lake, and, knowing whither they had gone, he travelled around it. This manœuvre cost the Devil the loss of many valuable miles, for Louis and the Gray Horse were by this time quite close to the sea.

"He is still gaining on us," said the Gray Horse. "I'm getting very tired."

Looking ahead, Louis could see the ocean, and turning around, he could see the Devil coming, gaining on them all the time.

"Louis, I am afraid he is going to overtake us," said the Horse.

Now, Louis did not understand what advantage it would be for them to arrive at the sea; but this was soon apparent. They did manage to reach the seashore ahead of the Devil, however, when the Gray Horse said, "Louis, throw out that wisp of hay."

Louis pushed it out, and, behold! as he thrust it, the wisp of hay was converted into a bridge. They immediately rode out upon this, and as they passed over it, the bridge folded up behind them! The Devil did not reach the sea until they were a safe distance from the shore.

"It was very lucky," the Devil said, "that you took my bridge with you, or I would have eaten you two for my dinner!"

Now, Louis and his horse continued to cross the bridge until they came to the land on the other side. While travelling along through this new country, they discovered a cave.

"Now," the Gray Horse said to Louis, "you stable me in here, and go up to the king's house and see if you cannot get work. Wrap up your head in order that your hair may not be seen, and do the same to your little fingers. When you arrive there, go and lie with your face down behind the kitchen, and wait until they throw out the dish-water. They will ask you what you want. Tell them that you desire work, and that you are a good gardener. Do not forget to comb your hair once a day in the garden, where they cannot see you."

The young man did all the Gray Horse suggested, and, when one of the maids threw out some dish-water behind the kitchen, she noticed him, and straightway notified the king. His Majesty ordered the youth to be brought before him, and, when Louis had come, the king inquired into his identity and his desires. Louis told the king that he wanted work, and the king employed him as a gardener, because Louis claimed greater ability than the other gardeners. Every noon he would seclude himself to comb his hair, and then he would tie up his head again in the cloth. Although he was quite handsome, he did not look well with his head tied up in this manner. His work, moreover, was so excellent, that the king soon noticed an improvement in the garden.

One day, while he was combing his hair, the princess looked out of her window, and saw Louis' hair. She noticed that the hair was all of gold; and the light from it shone into her room as it would if reflected from a mirror. Louis did not notice her, and, when he had completed his toilet, he wrapped up his head again and went away, leaving the princess enchanted by his looks.

During the same afternoon, while he was working near the palace, the princess dropped a note down to him. Louis did not see it, and therefore did not pay any attention to it. She then dropped several more, one after another; but he paid no attention to them.

The next day, he thought he would go down and see his horse. When he arrived at the cave, the Gray Horse inquired what had happened. Louis related the few events to him; but the Gray Horse told him that that was not all, for he had not noticed the princess looking at him when he was combing his hair.

"To-morrow," said the Horse, "the king will ask you if you are descended of royal blood. You tell him that you are the child of poor parents. There is a prince who wants to marry the princess; but she does not love him. When you go back to work in the garden, the princess will drop notes to you again, but don't touch them. Louis, in time you shall marry her, but don't forget me."

Louis returned, and the princess again dropped him notes; but he ignored them.

In the mean time the prince had come to see the princess, and he made arrangements with the king to marry his daughter. The princess, however, would not look at the prince. The king demanded of his daughter why she did not want to see the prince, and she told him that she desired to marry the gardener. The king became very angry; he declared that she could not marry the poor beggar.

"Did you not always say that you would give me anything I wanted?" she asked of the king.

"Yes," answered he; "but you must marry a prince."

She again refused to marry the prince. At this, the king became very angry, and went out to tell his wife what the princess had said.

"I think the gardener is a prince in disguise," the queen said to the king.

The king summoned Louis into his presence; and the young man, obeying, came into the midst of the royalty and nobility of the palace, with his head still covered. The king asked him if he was of royal blood.

"No," he replied. "I am the son of poor parents."

The king then dismissed him.

The princess, however, contrived a means to marry Louis, and, when the ceremony was over, they went back to the king. She told her father what she had done, and asked for her dowry. He told her that her dowry should be the pig-pen in which he fattened his hogs; and he drove them from the palace with nothing more. The queen was in tears at the way the king treated their daughter; but he was obdurate.

The princess and Louis had to subsist on what little the queen

could send them. Soon the princess said to Louis, "We had better go to the place where your parents live."

"No," said Louis, "we must go where the king sends us, for his will is my pleasure."

So they went to the pig-pen and fixed up a place to sleep. Every day the princess went to the palace, and the servants there would give her what was left from the table. This continued for several weeks, until, one day, Louis thought of his Horse. He went over to the cave to find out how he was doing.

"Well, Louis, I see that you are married, and that your father-in-law is treating you pretty badly," the Horse said to him. "Now you look in my left ear, and you will see a cloth folded up."

Louis did as directed; and the Gray Horse continued, "Take the cloth. At meal-time unfold it, and you will find inside all sorts of food of the finest kind. Come back and see me to-morrow."

Louis returned to his hog-pen, where his wife had the leavings from the palace table arranged for supper.

"Take this cloth and unfold it," said he.

And when she unfolded it, she was amazed to see delicious food and fine wines all ready to eat and drink. This was the first decent meal that they had eaten since they were married. The next day he again went back to see the Horse, who asked Louis if he had heard any news. Louis said that he had not.

"Well," said the Gray Horse, "I did. Your father-in-law is going to war to-morrow, because his daughter did not marry the prince to whom she was betrothed. Louis, you had better go too. Send your wife up to borrow a horse and arms, and you go with him."

On returning to his hog-pen, Louis told his wife what he had heard and what he wished her to do. So she went up to the castle to borrow a horse and armor. The king at first refused to give it; but the queen finally persuaded him to loan his son-in-law a horse. Thus Louis was equipped with a gray mare and an old sword. Louis accepted this; and the next morning, when the king started with his followers, Louis went forth mounted on the gray mare. He found, however, that she was too old to carry him: so he rode her down to the cave. There the Gray Horse told him to look in his right ear for a little box. Louis did so, and found the article. On opening this box, he found a ring inside it. The Horse told him that he could now get anything he wished for, and directed him to wish for arms and armor better than the king's own. Louis did so, and the armor immediately appeared. When Louis had donned it, the Gray Horse told him to comb his mane and tail; and after this was done, they started, quite resplendent. While they were passing the pig-pen, Louis' wife, mistaking him for a foreign king, begged him not to kill her father, and Louis promised not to hurt the old gentleman.

The fight was already raging when Louis arrived, and the enemy was pressing the king hard; but he came at just the right time, and turned the tide of the battle. Not recognizing him, the king thanked him (a strange prince, as he thought) for his assistance; and the two rode back together. On the way they began to race; for the king was proud of his steed, and was fond of showing him off. Louis, however, far outdistanced him, and rode on to the cave, where he unsaddled his horse, resumed his old clothes, and tied up his head.

Before he departed, the Gray Horse told him that the king would go to war again on the morrow, and that he, Louis, should once more borrow the horse and sword. He took the old gray mare and the sword back to the pig-pen. His wife inquired eagerly how her father had fared. Louis answered that the king had been successful, and told her to take the horse and the sword back to the palace.

When she arrived, she told her father that her husband wished her to thank him for the horse and the sword. Whereupon the king inquired if Louis had been present at the battle, for, he said, he had not seen him. The princess replied that he had indeed been there; and truly, if it had not been for Louis, the king would not have won the battle. The king replied that he was sure that Louis was not there, or else he would have seen him; and he persisted in this view.

The princess, being unable to convince her father, returned to the pig-pen.

When the princess had left, the queen said that Louis must have been in the fight, for, if he had not been there, he would not have known about it.

"Was there no stranger there?" she asked.

"Yes," returned the king. "There was a strange prince there, who helped me."

"Well," said the queen, "that must have been your son-in-law."

Back in the pig-pen, the princess told her husband that the king was saying that he had not been at the battle.

"If it had not been for me," Louis replied, "the king would not have won the battle." And so the matter was dropped.

The next morning he sent his wife up to borrow the horse and equipment again. The king gave his daughter the same outfit. Again Louis went to the cave, where he again changed horses and armor. Once more, when he passed his hovel, his wife did not recognize him. When Louis arrived, the battle was going against the king, as on the former occasion; but the young man a second time turned the tide in favor of his father-in-law.

After the battle was over, Louis and the king rode back together. The king wished to find out who this prince might be, and he determined to put a mark on him, so that he would recognize him again.

He took out his sword to show how he had overcome one of his adversaries in battle, and stabbed his son-in-law in the leg. A piece of the king's sword had broken off, and was left in the wound. The king pretended to be very sorry, and tied up the wound. When they started off again, Louis put spurs to his horse, and when he reached the cave he again changed horses. Then he returned to the pig-pen with the old gray mare.

He was cut so badly, that he could walk only with difficulty. When his wife inquired if he had been wounded, he explained how her father had done it. Thereupon his wife took the handkerchief off, took out the piece of sword, and rebound the wound. Then she took the horse and sword, together with the broken piece of the king's sword and his handkerchief, to her father.

She told her father that her husband sent back the handkerchief and the piece of sword, and also his thanks for stabbing him after he had won the battle. The king was so much surprised that he almost fainted. The queen began to scold the king, saying, "Did I not tell you that he was a prince?"

The king sent his daughter to the pig-pen to get her husband, so that he could ask his forgiveness. Louis refused to go, saying that the king's word was law, and was not to be altered. He was confined to his bed on account of the wound which he had received. The princess returned, and told her father what her husband had said. He then sent down his chief men to coax Louis, but they were refused every time. Finally, the king and the queen themselves went down and asked Louis' forgiveness; but Louis repeated his refusal. The king rushed up, but he was mired in the mud which surrounded the pig-pen. The queen, however, was able to cross on top of the mud, leaving the king, who returned alone to his palace.

The same night, Louis took his ring and wished that he and his wife should wake in the morning in a beautiful castle; and when the day came, lo, and behold! it was as he desired. In surprise, the king saw the castle, and sent Louis a note, saying that he desired to wage war with him. The young man sent a reply, that, by the time he fired his second shot, there would not be even a cat left in the king's city. This note he sent by his wife, and requested her to bring her mother back with her.

The king's daughter obeyed, and brought her mother back.

That afternoon, the king fired on his son-in-law's castle, but did no damage. Louis then warned the king that he was going to begin his cannonade, and straightway fired. His first shot carried away half of the city, and the second swept away all that was left of it.

6. THE STORY OF THE PENITENT TO WHOM OUR LORD APPEARED

A young man who was a great hunter saw, one day while he was hunting, a white caribou. In order to get a good shot at it, he crawled up close; but when he took aim, he found something in the way, which spoiled his shot. So he changed his position, but again found something in between him and the caribou; and again he changed his position.

When he finally got what he thought was a good shot, the Caribou spoke to him, saying, "You will not be so slow in taking aim at your own father." When he heard this, he did not fire, but became so frightened that he ran home to leave his gun; for he wanted to avoid the danger of shooting his father, by having no fire-arms. Then he went away, with the intention of going as far as possible from his parents, so as to avoid all danger of shooting them.

He journeyed about for some time, but finally came to the king's palace, where he remained, and became the king's hunter. He rose rapidly in the king's favor, married, and was given a house.

Meanwhile his parents wondered where their son had gone, for on leaving he thought there would be less likelihood of his parents meeting him again, if he did not acquaint them with his intention, and reasons for leaving.

At last his parents decided to go in search of their son. They wandered about for some time, but finally found out where he lived. When they arrived at his house, their son was away, but his wife was at home: so they made their identity known to her. She welcomed them to her home, and, out of respect for them, when bed-time came, she gave them her own room, for it was the best in the house.

Their son came home late that night, and, finding people in his bed, imagined they were robbers, who had killed his wife and taken possession of the house. So he got his crossbow and shot them both. When his wife heard their death-screams, she ran down stairs, and told her husband what he had done.

The poor man was so overcome with grief that he went immediately in search of a priest who would absolve him of his terrible crime. The first priest that he found sent him to another; and the second did likewise; and so did many more. In fact, it was a year before he found a priest who would shrive him. This priest assigned to him as penance a certain ferry. He was to ferry across the stream every one who came by that road, without receiving a farthing's recompense. This he was to do for the space of seven years. To this the poor man gladly consented, and set out at once for the river.

His wife waited for some time at their old house; but when she found that her husband did not return, she followed him. She did

not find her husband until he had been ferrying for some time, and had built a hut to live in, for there was none when he first came there. His wife did what work she could get, to pay for the little food they ate, and thus they kept alive.

Many people came by that way, and kept the ferryman busy day and night. The work was so tedious and tiring, that many a time the poor ferryman was tempted to be unfaithful to his vow, and disregard his trust; but he kept steadfastly on, until finally the seven years were over.

It was evening when he had finished his penance, and he was eating his evening meal, supremely glad to be his own master for the first time in seven years, when he heard an old man calling on the other side of the river. For a moment he hesitated, but, looking a second time at the old man, he was touched with pity, and left his supper to ferry him across.

When they landed, the old man said, "I am old and feeble and hungry, and can go no farther; canst thou not give me some food and a night's lodging?" The penitent replied, "Alas, father! I have but little; but what I have is thine." So he led him to his hut, and gave him food to eat, and his own bed to sleep upon. After the old man had finished his meal, and was talking with the penitent, a bright light shone round him, and he was taken up into heaven, for it was our Lord.

7. THE THREE WISHES

[The following story of the three wishes is distinctly European in origin; but the treatment seems to be native. It was related by Jim Paul of St. Mary's, July, 1910.]

A poor Indian was camping with his wife and mother near a river-bank. One day he was walking near the river, when he saw a water-spirit. He chased her, but she jumped into the river. He wanted to catch her: so he dug a hole in the sand, and covered himself up.¹ Soon the fairy came out of the river to play again, and, when she got near enough to him, he jumped up out of the sand and caught her. Then he took her home.

After a few days, the fairy pined to get away: so she offered to give the Indian three wishes if he would let her go. The Indian consented. Now, they were poor, and did not have any food in their wigwam: so he thought it would be the best thing to give his wife one wish, and send her to town to get plenty of provisions with it.

When she got to town, the first thing she saw was a broom. Not

¹ This incident of a man covering himself up in the sand to catch a water-spirit occurs frequently in the myths of this region. See Leland, *Algonquin Legends of New England*.

having one at home, she carelessly said, "I wish I had that broom!" As soon as she said this, the broom was in her hand. She had used up her one wish: so she had to take the broom home to her husband. When her husband saw what she had brought home with her, he was so angry that he said, "I wish that broom were stuck up your anus!" As soon as he said it, the broom was in the desired place, and he had to use the third wish to get it out.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.